

The Cult Chronicles Part 1: Chain of Evil

by Patriot

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Summary: A crossover between the Executioner series and my own creation, Exodus Group.

The Cult Chronicles Part 1: Chain of Evil

Exodus Group Mission 2:Chain of Evil

A long list of dedications: -The fallen of Littleton Colorado and any other school which has become victim to such senseless violence. -"BabieJ216", the real Christine Burchette -"Mega256", the real Melissa Windsor -The real "Exodus Group" my tango busters! -Douglas P Wojtowicz, a fellow author and humanitarian who's been a great help -Robert Chevrette, nothing I can say would do justice -And of course, to Terry, without you, no one would be able to share in the success of my work now it's on to the story

"Phfizer" Phamacutical Research Headquarters- Industrial NJ 2:21 A.M. EST

The two teens walked up to the guard's gate. "Can I help you?" The kindly man with a radio asked. The pair reached into their coats. They drew out silenced Beretta .25 caliber Tomcat pistols. Each boy fired twice and the sentry was dead before he hit the ground. One of the two unlocked the chain link entrance gate. Six more teens stepped out of the shadows. Half of them female. Those six were toting Colt PCP .380 caliber handguns. One toted a pump action shotgun. Stalking through the parking lot, they moved like panthers using the dark to their advantage. It was pouring rain but nobody minded. They all had black trench coats to keep the rain off of them. One--who was wielding a Tomcat--picked the lock and shot the second guard sitting at a reception desk. "You know what we're here for." The lead assassin said. "Go get it. Bring me five of those fuckers or only one of us go home." Immediately five took off down the hall. The second .25 caliber shooter stayed in the main lobby with his partner. About a quarter-hour later, six young adults emerged from the sealed vault with five, twelve inch by four inch cylindrical canisters. "Objective complete, we have the package. We are proceeding to destroy target

and return home." The leader said into his two way radio. Following his orders, four of the eight lit pipe bombs which had been concealed under the trench coats. The devices detonated in the vault with a series of thunderclap explosions. Nodding with gratification, the leader pulled his team out. He felt satisfied that his men--and women--had just stolen one of the best chemical weapons ever devised.

US Navy Special Development Group Headquarters- Dam Neck, VA 6:00 A.M. EST

Tom Gellar had waken his team up early. It was early Tuesday and they'd been inactive for some time. At 5:20 A.M. the SEAL had been up jogging, working out, and then procuring the firecrackers which he'd just thrown into his platoon's barracks. They didn't like it but they didn't have to. He was their Commander and he could do whatever he felt necessary to keep his men in top shape. Of all units, DevGru was his favorite. Not only because he commanded it, but because of their mission. The other SEAL teams performed anti-terrorism, that is, making counter attacks. That means that in order to operate, someone had to hit the US first. Not with DevGru. They performed counter-terrorism, that is, launching preemptive strikes on terrorist that hadn't yet attacked the US. DevGru, Tom really hated that name. The US Navy Special Warfare Development Group. What a mouthful. He'd always liked the old name better. Before the current administration, they'd just been "SEAL Team Six". That was so much easier. Most of the men still referred to it as Six anyway. Special Warfa- whatever it was- only applied when matters went official. That almost never happened. SEAL Six was black. That meant the government denied that it even existed. There were grunts and groans and swears as the men rose from their cots. No one complained though because they knew it was 6:00 A.M. and daily PT (Physical Training) was required. The reward was after PT, which is when the real training began. SEALs are required to train everyday for five days a week when they are not in combat. That's what it takes to be among the most elite warriors of the world. The forty-eight men which comprise DevGru's three (sixteen man) platoons each fire over two-hundred rounds a day. Gellar was watching his men breeze through the obstacle course when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning around, he saw General Donald Reagan, a major player in the Joint Special Operations Command (JSOC) and Department of Defense (DoD) operations. "Gellar, we need your help." The General said. Tom knew what was coming. It had only been two months since the operation in Transvaal, South Africa. "Sir?" "We have had a major case blown open by the feds. They have discovered a link in all the recent school shootings. A goth cult. The problem is, they operate like real tangos and use hardcore satanic rituals like the feds've never seen, so we need your team to go after them." When Reagan said "his team", he was not referring to DevGru. He was referring to the other team. Exodus Group. A small group made of specops soldiers from all branches of the military assigned to handle any terrorist group with supernatural or other worldly traits. "Who runs the case?" Tom asked. "One Christine Burchette. A PsyOps specialist." The JSOC official said. "When?" Was all The SEAL asked. "ASAP." The General responded. The SEAL team leader blew the whistle around his neck and rallied up his men. The next most senior officer, Frank Barns, would be in charge until Tom returned.

FBI Headquarters- Quantico, VA 10:34 A.M. EST

Gellar sat in the office mentally reviewing everything he had read

about Christine Burchette. Her mother was a doctor-a pediatrician to be exact. Her father a corporate businessman. She was popular among the Bureau, loved by her co-workers, engaged to a menswear model, and not too bad looking either. Then, the FBI agent--along with an escort--walked into the office. The SEAL stood up and extended his hand. She accepted firmly. "Tom Gellar, US Navy." "Christine Burchette, FBI. There's no use being vague. I did my homework." She sat down at her desk in front of the commando. She was direct. "OK, what else you know?" Tom challenged. "Gellar, Tom J. Only child. You had a sister who died at birth. Mother was a seamstress, father an auto mechanic. You grew up in the Baltimore area, a descent part of town from what I hear. Skipped college and enrolled in the Navy. Passed BUD/S and made it through Officer Candidate School. After displaying much ambition, you were assigned to Development Group where you remain today. Previously married to a legal secretary. Currently divorced." The agent replied with a smirk. The SEAL countered "Burchette, Christine I. One brother who is a postal worker. Mother a pediatrician, father a corporate player. Raised in and around Albany. Went through Johns Hopkins University. Graduated with a degree in criminal psychology. Invited to FBI academy here in Quantico. Passed with flying colors." He raised an eyebrow back at her as she logged into her computer and started to print the case files. "Let me ask you something Burchette, where do you get your info?" She didn't respond, only glanced at the door. A moment later it opened. Attempting to fill the doorway was a young girl. Tom guessed around thirteen to fourteen. If he was right, she was short for age- barely reaching five foot. The girl came in and sat down nervously next to the SEAL. She had pure blonde hair offset by crisp green eyes. Fairly attractive. She glanced around anxiously and bit her nails every so often. While still entering commands into her computer, Christine spoke again. "Melissa, this is Tom Gellar. He's one of those Navy SEAL guys. The commandos you see in the movies all the time. Commander, this is Melissa Windsor. She's working for me undercover in the cult." Tom blinked and widened his eyes for a second or two. A live intelligence flow. Very good but risky. "Miss Windsor-" Gellar was cut off. "Melissa." The girl said. The SEAL began again. "Melissa, in a nutshell, describe the cult." "Pretty big from what I see. Mostly teens. No one under thirteen or over eighteen. All are referred to in their schools as outcasts. Very gothic. Satan and Hitler worshiping." Tom smiled and nodded. "Two questions Christine. First, where is the main ranch house? Second, when do we strike?" "First, the main cult house is in Arizona. An old cattle ranch. Second, we strike dawn tomorrow. You have the rest of the day to find out what you want to know, brief your men, and assemble gear because the plane leaves at around five." She tossed a thick folder onto his lap and sat back in her chair. Windsor spoke up. "You know you can't stop them all with a single strike?" She asked. "Of course, but if we can gather enough information, we may be able to shut them down for awhile. Anything else you'd like to share?" The commando asked sincerely. "Yeah, be careful, something big has gone down recently, I don't know what but a lot of the local division leaders are talking about some kind of action. Something that is supposed to make all of the school incidents look insignificant." The girl commented. "OK, thanks Melissa." The SEAL said as he stood up shaking her hand. He turned to Burchette. "I'll be back in four hours." And walked out.

Cult Ranch- Arizona Desert 9:45 P.M. PST

The two stood about five hundred yards away from the complex. They

were accompanied by the rest of Exodus Group. Luis Walker, previously a Marine Force Recon sniper. Chris Perry, former Army Ranger comms specialist. Then was Vinson Gibb, USAF Pararescue who--like Tom--had some expertise in demolitions. Last was the second in command Paul Moreno, a Green Beret who specialized in hand to hand combat as well as edged weapons. "You do realize that we are going up against a group of kids here, right?" Christine asked condescendingly. "I'm well aware of that thank you very much." Tom answered with just as much hostility. He lowered the field glasses and turned to his fellow troops. "Here's the plan, we strike at 03:30. Hit them with ribbon charge and DefTecs. We go in blazing and've greased 'em all before they finish pissing themselves." The commando ordered firmly. The FBI agent's eyes went wide. "What do you think this is, Vietnam? There is no acceptable loss here Sergeant Rambo!" Burchette answered furiously. "I read enough about you from your profile to know that you were wrong for this mission from the start! With ninety-eight enemy kills accredited to your name in a four year tour in Development Group, you're a damn killing machine!" She added insult by saying. The Captain threw the field glasses on the ground hard. He then proceeded to shove his index finger close enough to her face to make a static shock. "TO HELL WITH YOU AND YOUR MOTHER FUCKING FILE! YOU DON'T KNOW JACK SHIT ABOUT ME OR MY LIFE AND CAREER. THAT PIECE OF SHIT MANILA FOLDER HASN'T TOLD YOU ANYTHING! THERE ARE THINGS WITHDRAWN FROM THAT FOLDER THAT YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE! WANT AN EXAMPLE?!? LET ME FILL YOU IN! I LOST A NIECE AND MY ONLY SON TO JONSEBORO ARKANSAS! MY WIFE WAS DEVASTATED. THE FILE SAYS DIVORCED DOESN'T IT? WELL FUCK THE FILE! SIX WEEKS AFTER ARKANSAS SHE SHOT HERSELF AT THE DINNER TABLE USING MY DUTY PISTOL THAT SHE'D SMUGGLED OUT OF MY CLOSET!" He lowered his voice to a grim whisper and looked away to hide the moisture building up at the corners of his eyes. "Adam was everything to me. His tenth birthday was about a week and a half before he left for my sister's place. Before he left there was only one thing that he wanted, and he told me what it was." Gellar paused for reflection. "He wanted to make Six." "I'm sorry." Was the only thing that Christine could think of to say. The SEAL team leader gazed at the ranch house in the distance-vision blurred by tears. "We blow the ribbon charges and DefTecs at 03:30. I'm giving you a choice Burchette. You can come with us. If not, you have until 03:30 to plan an ambush because killing my entire platoon is the only way to stop me now. I'm doing this for Adam and for every future shooter that he would've lead." The SEAL slammed a magazine into the M4 carbine slung over his shoulder. Then--solemnly--he walked off towards the supply truck.

03:20 PST

They were broken into two units of two men. He would lead Alpha team and his second in command--Paul Moreno--would lead Bravo team. The breachers--the Alpha and Bravos' demolitions specialists which happened to be Gellar himself and Vinson Gibb--would place the ribbon charge on the doors. Ribbon charge is a large spool of flexible triangular cord. The cord is about ten millimeters wide at the widest point and half that at its narrowest. It is also about ten millimeters wide from the "triangle's" base to its point. Inside the plastic cord is composition C1 explosive. It's most popular use is to blow doors off their hinges to enter a building. Gellar would give a signal and the ribbons will be detonated-one charge at the west side entrance of the ground level. The second charge is going to be rigged to an upper level window. The leader of each team would throw one DefTec stun grenade into the room breached and proceed to sweep the

entire house and neutralize any and all threats encountered. Take no prisoners. To accomplish the job, Gellar would carry Colt 5.56mm M4 carbine with sound suppressor. Chris Perry would carry an MP5SD6 9mm submachine gun. Paul Moreno would carry an AutoMag pistol and a titanium edged crook-neck sword phosphated black along with a few six pointed throwing stars. Vinson Gibb would carry an Ithaca Roadblocker 10 gauge shotgun. All intelligence reports showed that the cult members were most likely armed with AR-18 assault rifles or Mossberg 590 12 gauge shotguns. How they got arms like that could be argued later. It was 03:28 and time to start the countdown. "Two minute warning." Moreno whispered into his Motorola tactical radio. Every man did a final gear check. In addition to their main weapons, each man carried an HK USP .40 caliber pistol, a KA-BAR fighting knife, stun grenades and night vision goggles. "OK people, time for kickoff." Tom said. "Bravo team, detonate ribbon charges in five. . .four. . . three. . .two. . . one. . .mark!" There was a muffle crackle and the sound of bursting glass over the radio. "B-team, toss your stun grenades and proceed with caution!" The SEAL shouted into his mike followed with: "A-team, detonating charges!" The hissing crackle of the ribbon charge was a peculiar sound. Within seconds, Tom's partner--Chris Perry--had thrown in the stun grenades. They moved in slowly.

Bravo team scanned the upper halls of the house and was immediately glad that Burchette had stayed behind. There were kids in the hallway with auto rifles. The teens unleashed two or three six round bursts. The Green Beret leveled the AutoMag pistol and fired one round of powerhouse .44 magnum hollowpoint ammo. His target was now without a left shoulder. That part of the boy's body had vaporized into a fine red mist. He was about to acquire the second gunner when Gibb's Roadblocker roared from behind. The shot sounded like an angry Lion's yell. One 10 gauge shell loosed twelve 00 buckshot (.30 caliber) copper pellets. The tango with the AR-18 went flat onto his back and didn't get up.

Tom Gellar held his M4 at a low ready position. The grenade had stunned a girl with a 590 shotgun. She was now on the floor shaking her head. The SEAL was not looking forward to this. "FREEZE!!!" He shouted. The girl responded only by leveling the weapon. Tom tapped the trigger and fired three rounds. He was comforted knowing that she died quick and painlessly--all three rounds had impacted square in the forehead.

Luis Walker--the team's sniper--lay prone roughly two hundred yards east of the complex. He was looking through the night vision sight of a Steyer Scout Rifle. A bolt action .308 (7.62x51mm) rifle. Suddenly, there was a salvo of movement in the left side of the scope. Two people, they looked to be fleeing but were armed with assault rifles. The Marine called through his radio to Gellar. "Hey boss, sniper status? Over." "SitRep? Over." The SEAL responded. "Two, both male, they look like they're running but they got guns, and good ones at that. Over." Walker responded. "No prisoners Captain. Waste 'em both." The Alpha leader said coldly into his comm.

Vinson Gibb rolled another DefTec into the stairwell. Five seconds later the soda-can sized munition detonated. There was a loud clap and a flash of light. The former Paratrooper could here the dazed moans of the cult members. Coming out from behind cover, Gibb scanned the steps and found a boy with a Mossberg 590 shotgun. The kid was thumbing black plastic shells into his scattergun. Vinson was about

to raise his weapon when the hardman jumped the gun and fired one round. A large fireball engulfed the corridor for three seconds. The Exodus soldier was lucky to dodge the flame, but was still in shock when Moreno came up from behind. "I felt the heat, what the fuck was that?" The Green Beret asked. "Some kind of incendiary shells." Vinson answered. "Yeah? We'll see about that in oh, say, five seconds." Paul said. He then stepped out from behind the closet door they had used as cover. Remaining low, the Special Forces warrior shuffled down the hallway. Reaching into a breast pocket, he'd pulled two six pointed throwing stars. It was an amazing example of timing. He threw his stars just as the tango fired a second fireball from the shotgun. The stars cut the flame like a machete` and proceeded to dismember three of the boy's fingers and puncture his carotid artery. There was a small burst of gunfire outside.

"Ground floor clear!" Perry shouted. They'd killed anyone armed on the house's main living floor. It had been a lot of fighting and Tom Gellar was tempted to use his USP. Alpha team decided to do a last cursory check of the main quarters before moving to the basement. "Yo, you might want to see this!" Chris called from a den-like office. The SEAL walked in--Colt carbine pointed at the floor--to look over the documents. It was big. Information on how to build a suitcase sized nuclear weapon. There were also blueprints and maps and plans all indicating a massive strike. It would start with a mid-western high school. Then, the shooters would pick up the mini-nuke and go to a local airport, hijack a plane, and detonate the weapon over a major city. The two commandos took every scrap of paper in the room and placed the intel in a rucksack for agent Burchette to verify at a later time. Just as the pair was about to move down a level, there was the sound of a door opening. Then footfalls, finished off by the cocking of an AR-18 assault rifle.

"Oh, fuck me." The sniper exclaimed. He'd opened fire and hit the first of the two escapees, the second had retreated back to the house. Luis was about to warn Alpha team when his radio's battery went dead. Luckily, a spare was laying on his sniping mat, ready for use. The new battery was in place within three seconds and the Motorola was functioning again. It was too late. Just as he turned on the radio, multiple bursts or rifle fire came through the earpiece. Slamming the bolt of the Steyer, he loaded a fresh round into the weapon's chamber and hoped to see that second gunman one more time.

"Shit." Tom whispered as the boy opened fire with his AR assault rifle. Gellar returned fire with a volley from his M4 Carbine. The gun placed a half dozen rounds into the sheet rock wall. "Cover me!" He yelled to Perry while changing the Colt's magazine. Perry flicked the fire switch of his MP5SD6 to full auto and checked his ammo once more while hiding behind a table. Swinging the MP's muzzle over the hardwood table, Chris loosed eighteen HydraShok hollowpoints. The first dozen slammed the wall studs. The last of them shredded the midsection of the gunner. The boy screamed in pain as he fell to the floor with a thud.

Moving down the stairs, Bravo team thought they were safe. Unfortunately, someone had placed a trip wire on the step below Gibb's foot. The wire was linked to an M61 fragmentation grenade. Walking slowly, the sole of Vin's boot flexed in an abnormal way. "Hold up." He said to Moreno. Bending over, the warrior noticed a thin layer of dust which gave away the booby trap's position. Using

the KA-BAR, the USAF soldier cut the small length of fishing line. Just as he was coming back up to re-sheath his knife, a .308 rifle round came through the wall, sliced his leg, ricocheted off of the metal handrail and smacked a terrorist right in the chest. The enemy assailant had been three steps below Bravo team. He had been invisible due to the curve in the staircase.

"Oh, damn I'm good." The sniper said aloud to himself. That was shot that could not be topped. He'd seen the enemy's approach through a window about twenty feet from the base of the steps. The shot was risky, but it was the only way to eliminate the threat before any Exodus soldiers got hurt. He could only imagine how pissed off Gibb would be that he'd been hit by his own cover shooter. The thought made him laugh a little.

FBI owned 747- Over the Mid West 05:45 A.M. PST

Paul Moreno was in his seat apparently meditating or praying. Chris Perry was downing a Mai-Tai. Vinson Gibb was asleep. Tom Gellar and Luis Walker were the only Exodus Group soldiers still awake. They sat in their seats resting. Luis was field stripping his USP on the table tray. Gellar was simply watching Christine Burchette do her work. He laid his head back on the seat, then there was a small breeze. The breeze made as a person walks by. This small gust was accompanied by the scent of an almost fruity smelling perfume. Opening his eyes a crack, he could make out the form of Melissa Windsor. How'd she get here? The SEAL thought to himself. He was just about to close his eyes when the girl came walking back down the plane's aisle with a pair of bottles. She stopped and sat down in the seat across from Tom. He raised his eyelids fully and let his eyes adjust. "Here, Birch Beer." She said, handing Gellar one of the brown glass containers. He opened it and took a gulp. "Not bad, thanks." He said in return. She had a look of curiosity on her face. "How'd it go tonight?" She finally asked. "We got a whole shi-" He was about to correct himself and use a less vulgar adjective when she interjected. "I'm thirteen, you can curse in front of me." Gellar just shrugged and continued. "We got a shitload of documents and killed a bunch of people. If any of those documents are valid or not, we'll have to wait a little while for those answers." She nodded. The commando searched for some object of conversation and came up blank. Then the PA system crackled. "If it's of any significance-" The pilot began. "-we are passing over Jonsboro, Arkansas in about ninety seconds. Weather permitting, we'll be back in Quantico in about three hours. Enjoy the flight." Tom sighed and looked at his watch. He counted off the seconds. After about eighty-five, the SEAL lowered his head and let his right arm hang off of the arm rest for about ten seconds. Christine Burchette watched this from the corner of her eye. She too, discreetly lowered her head and said a short prayer for Adam Gellar. Christine wasn't the only one to make a gesture. Melissa Windsor knew the story and--gently--reached out for the warrior's dangling hand across the aisle. She was surprised when he squeezed her hand back. Then, with an "in through the nose out through the mouth" cleansing breath, he raised his head and released her hand. He looked over at the girl and silently mouthed a Thank You. She smiled warmly and leaned back into her own seat. She sat for about thirty seconds looking the soldier over. The black outfit, the assault gear and greasepaint, the body. For once, the girl disagreed with Christine. Tom Gellar was not a killing machine. He was hero. A man fighting against evil. Evil like the nameless cult they had just struck. Luis Walker sat down in the seat behind her. She altered her position so

that her knees were on he seat itself and her stomach against the seat back. The sniper looked up at her and smiled out of the corner of his mouth. She looked over at Tom who'd fallen into rest and then back at Luis. "What do you think of your Commander?" She asked. The Marine paused for a second. "Tom Gellar is a man who I'd follow though the depths of hell and back again." Walker said as he racked the slide of his empty USP.

Marine Corps Headquarters- Quantico VA 12:03 A.M. EST

Luis thought about Perry's comment on the plane. "The piece of the puzzle that doesn't make sense to me is that there have been no thefts of any possible nuke-makin' material." It was that statement that brought Walker to his home base here in Quantico. Maybe some of his old service buddies had some inside info. Walking into the administration building, he ran into his old friend, Jake Andrews. The two high-fived and embraced and then the sniper got down to buisness. "I need some intel." "Well, what do you need?" Andrews asked. "Thefts. Anything which could be used to make a backpack nuke." Jake raised an eyebrow. "You haven't been around in a while. Word from the hill is that you got recruited for some black project about chasin' ghosts and vampires and zombies and freak shit like that." Jake more inquired than stated. "I could tell you-" Luis began. "-but then I'd have to kill you. Besides, you know I'm afraid of ghosts." Walker said with a wink. "Let's have a look at the old PC." Andrews said.

FBI Headquarters- Quantico, VA 2:08 P.M. EST

Walker stormed through the lobby flashing his ID at the guard and proceeding towards the conference room which had become the center hub of "Operation: Chain of Evil". So dubbed due to the apparent chain reaction starting with Jonsboro, and ending with this nameless cult. His four comrades were talking about nukes when he flung open the doors. "Listen guys-" The Marine began. "-forget about the nukes it was a setup." Gellar looked a little curious. "Explain Captain." He ordered. "They can't make nukes at home so they would have had to steal material. None was stolen. But three things have been stolen. Five canisters of powdered Iodine were hijacked from Phfizer a few days ago. Within hours before, known members of the cult stole a bar of solid aluminum, a metal file and a box of iron nails." "So?" Perry said, not seeing the picture. Tom filled in the blanks. "Iodine is corrosive to the lungs. Powdered aluminum and powdered iron oxide, when mixed together, make thermit. Thermit is a granular mixture which when ignited, burns at twenty-two hundred degrees Celsius. If you were to lace that with Iodine powder, you'd have a very hot, very corrosive and very lethal gas." "Chem weapons!" Moreno exclaimed. "Where will they hit though?" Burchette asked. Melissa came sprinting into a room. Chris started to raise an eyebrow at the sight but Tom suppressed any and all thoughts with a very intense glare. "Hey!" She said, panting for breath. "I found something that doesn't fit. They made a list of all the cities they wanted to hit with this mini atom bomb. All of them were major population hubs except for one place in Pennsylvania. Some little bum fuck town called Nazareth." The Exodus Group Soldiers exchanged glances. "Let's move." And they were off.

"JagPanzer" RV- En Route to Nazareth, PA 9:45 P.M. EST

One of the benefits of Exodus. Tom Gellar thought to himself. The

"JagPanzer" was a 1982 Pace Arrow "BunkHouse" RV. It was 28 feet long. Had two rear adult bunks, a third full size bed, deluxe sofa bed, generator, propane stove, hot water shower, full bathroom, microwave, TV and a very large refrigerator. A Chevy 454 engine was the power train behind the mighty vehicle. Of course, this particular "BunkHouse" had been further modified. Among the changes were CB radios and scanners, secure two way comm units, armor, GPS system, and additional closets. These closets had been custom built-in for assault gear. Inside the truck was enough clothing, weapons, body armor, and other goodies to launch a four man strike on a hardened terrorist complex. Even the bumper and front grill had been hardened with cadmium and ceramic armor enabling the massive RV to penetrate roadblocks. All of this combined earned it the nickname "JagPanzer" after a German battle tank of the 1940s. "So how much longer?" Windsor asked from a swivel chair bolted into the floor about three feet behind Gellar's seat. "About three more hours." The girl breathed deeply in as if to release a sigh of exasperation. Thinking twice, she let out her breath quietly. Tom Gellar was not someone she wanted to annoy at ten 'o'clock at night. The Panzer had enough room to sleep eight. Two in the bunks, two in the full sized bed, two on the sofa-bed, one on the dinette bench and one in the bed that folded down from above the driver's and front passenger's seats. "Hey, Melissa, why don't you come sit up here with me for a little bit?" The SEAL offered as he gestured to the empty single seat next to him. She accepted silently and sat down next to him admiring the Global Positioning Satellite system. "Looks expensive." She said. "Yeah." Gellar agreed halfheartedly. He glanced over at the teen and turned back to the road. "I have to admit, I really admire you." He said. "Me? Why the hell would you admire me?" She inquired. "Look at you, you're thirteen and going undercover for the Feds. That's a fuck lot better than where I was at your age." Tom admitted. "Not really-" She began. "-the only reason I'm doing this is because they pulled me out of a foster home. My mother died at birth and my father took off a few years later. They put me in foster care by age six. Foster home, what a fiasco. That woman thinks I'm a family pet and her pervert husband spends more time in bed with me than he does with her!" She said in anger. Over the last sentence, Melissa choked on a sob. The commando glanced over and that's when he noticed her wrists. Both of them had signs of severe scabbing. She'd attempted suicide, and recently too. "I know exactly what you mean." Tom responded. The girl looked at him as if he was bullshitting to make her feel better. Gellar picked up on her eyes. "Here, feel my neck." She didn't move. "Go ahead, I got my shots this month and I rarely bite anyway." She giggled and ran her fingertips over the warrior's neck. Afterwards, she furrowed her brow a little. "Those bumps you felt, scar tissue." "From what?" Windsor probed. "Rope burn. I tried to hang myself when I was a year older than you are." Just then, Moreno came up behind them. "Yo, boss man, you been driving for about two and a half hours now, why don't I take over." The Green Beret more stated than asked. Without saying a word. The SEAL got up and walked towards the rear most chamber- the full size. Just as Paul sat down, Melissa got up and followed Tom back to the bedroom. "I did shower today you know!" He called back to the girl as she walked away. She didn't respond and only kept walking. "Ahhh, go to hell." He muttered under his breath.

Christine Burchette opened her eyes slightly. What she saw appalled her. Tom Gellar was ushering Melissa into a back bedroom. Slowly--so that none of the others would see her--the FBI agent lifted up the back of her plain gray t-shirt. Then she reached into the waistband

of the Khaki shorts and slipped her Sig P226 pistol out of it's holster. The female then tiptoed quietly to the back of the Pace Arrow and placed her left hand on the door knob. Her right one tensed up around the Swiss pistol and she took a deep breath. With a hard jar, the rooms only door flung open. The agent leveled her P226 as she eyed the two sitting on the bed. "YOU FUCKING PERVERT!!!" Christine shouted loudly enough to wake the whole team. Tom responded by drawing his own pistol, a Enterprise` .45 caliber Boxer. "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" "I'LL KILL YOU RIGHT NOW YOU MOTHER FUCKER!" "Christine, please!" Melissa interjected. It was no use, Burchette had misperceived what was going on and snapped. It was up to fate now. "JESUS CHRIST BURCHETTE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" "WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU PLANNING ON DOING?" "PLANNING? DOING? WHAT ARE YOU-" Tom was interrupted by the clicking of Burchette's gun. She'd just cocked the hammer and released the safety switch. All that was left was a stroke of her finger. "I'M TALKING ABOUT THAT POOR GIRL! YOU PIG! HOW DARE YOU TRY TO VIOLATE-" This time it was Christine who was cut off. "GO TO HELL YOU FED BITCH!" It was Moreno, just then he slammed the brakes. In a single motion Gellar dropped his pistol on the bed, pushed Windsor to the ground, leapt over the mattress, drew an Applegate-Fairbane boot knife, and placed it against the FBI woman's throat. She had her pistol tight against his thigh, unwilling to give up any power. They'd wrestled each other into the main corridor of the RV. Chris Perry ran back in to check on Melissa. Vinson Gibb was holding an 9mm Beretta at Burchette's chest. The Panzer was at a full stop now. Tom shifted his position. The agent's head was bent farther back now and the tip of the AF boot knife was putting pressure her jugular vein. He whispered in a low, grim tone. "Listen, listen to what you've done." From the back of the vehicle, they could all hear Melissa bawling at the top of her lungs. Then there was another sound. Police sirens. Paul spun around and looked into the rear view mirror. "Oh shit!" He exclaimed. "Who says there's never a cop around when you need one." Christine said sarcastically. The SEAL responded by putting more pressure on the steel blade tip and saying: "That wasn't funny." The commando turned to his driver. "Can you handle it without any casualties?" "Yeah, I'll be back." Just as the Special Forces soldier was about to exit through the side door, there was a knock. Vinson holstered his M9. Tom threw Burchette down into one the dinette table seats. He sat down across from her, all the while keeping the knife point to the inside of her upper thigh. "Evening officer." Paul said kindly. "Hello sir, anything I can help you with? I saw the Winnebago pulled over and thought I'd investigate." "Oh, thank you, here." Moreno said as he displayed his official military ID and explained. "Me and my troop buddies our on our way to Nazareth." "Seeing the races?" The cop asked. "Races?" "Yeah, there's a big Indy car race at the speedway tomorrow. Green light at one." "Oh, right." Paul answered. Christine started to slide out of her seat, but stopped when Gellar eased the knife from her thigh to her crotch while grinning. "She ok?" The police officer asked, meaning the little girl who was still sobbing back in the bedroom. This time Tom picked up. "Yeah, I think it's her first period. You know, all the cramping and bleeding and she gets kind of weepy and-" "You don't gotta tell me, I'm married with two daughters." The cop quipped with his southern Maryland accent. Gellar forced a laugh to ease the policeman. "Alright, well, sorry to bother you." "It was no trouble, really." Luis interjected. "Best of luck to you sweetie!" He called back to Windsor before closing the door and walking back to his squad car. Gibb's M9 was back in his hand and against Burchette's head. The knife was still in place too. "I'm going to be calm-" Tom began. "-now, what were you talking about?"

Christine took a deep breath and chose her words carefully. "I knew she came from an abusive home, and we've grown quite close. Molestation, abuse, rape, whatever you want to call it, that's what I was thinking about when I saw you leading her into the room. Maternal instinct combined with some misgivings I've had about your team." Gibb raised the stakes and clicked off the 9mm pistol's safety. The SEAL looked up at him. "Weapons tight Vin!" He said firmly. The fighter re-holstered his weapon and put it back to safe. Gellar pulled the knife away a few inches. "Get up. You're sleeping on the top bunk tonight." He said to Burchette. Then he turned around. "Vinson, I want you underneath her and I want your pistol safe but ready. As of now I am declaring lethal force authorized on Christine's head. Effective from this moment to six tomorrow morning, that should be enough time for her to cool off and reconsider her opinion of us. I'll sleep in the bedroom and Melissa'll be on the sofa bed over there." The Exodus team leader ordered as he called to the back of the RV. "Perry!" The Ranger came walking out to the middle of the Panzer. "How is she?" Tom asked. "She's shaken but alright. I'll sleep on the pull down bunk. That's only a few feet from her." Chris offered. "That's fine but your driving. Moreno, you rest on the Dinette bench. In about an hour and a half, you'll take the last leg of the drive to Nazareth. Agent Burchette, I recommend you get some rest." Everyone obeyed his orders. While they shuffled around the Pace Arrow's large interior, the SEAL went back to check on the girl.

Melissa could see Gellar coming. She wiped her eyes on her long sleeved pink cotton shirt. The large framed--about 6'1" tall--soldier sat down next to her and they embraced for about a minute. Then Gellar spoke up. "Listen, I'm sorry about what happened. We were both looking out for your safety and. . .well. . .Houston ran into a minor screwup. Listen, you're gonna be sleeping on the sofa bed out there. Go ahead and make yourself comfortable. Everything is alright, you have my word." The teen leaned up and kissed the warrior on the cheek, sniffled once more and walked out of the room towards her bed for the night. Tom let a stream of tears get soaked up by his jeans as he thought about his niece. Finally the soldier was able to clear his mind and relax. Just as he was about to drift into complete sleep--about forty-five minutes after Windsor had left--he felt the young teen lay down next to him. "A little insecure?" He whispered. "Just a bit." she said, putting an arm over him. "As long as your toilet trained, I'll let you stay. Just be back on the sofa bed before Christine wakes up." Melissa laughed a little and went silent. He smiled to himself and floated into dreamland. It was funny how most of his dreams were about the upcoming assault.

Nazareth Speedway (Parking Lot "A")- Nazareth, PA 8:04 A.M. EST

Everyone had been awake for about half an hour now. They had eaten breakfast and were taking showers now. Windsor and Burchette would have their showers last so that all of Exodus would be able to discuss assault plans. "So, how do you want to do this?" Moreno asked. "They have weapons, but there are too many people to carry anything more than pistols with you. That means that the weapons are smuggled somewhere." "I'll need high ground." Walker injected. "Sure you want to perch?" Gellar asked. "Yeah." "OK." "What about the rest of us?" Perry inquired. "Two pair. Gibb, you with me. We gotta look for that Iodine bomb. Paul and Chris, you guys scan around. See if you can find those stashed weapons." "What about our weapons? What are we

gonna carry?" Paul asked. "Pistols only for now. If they shoot first, try and make it back here. We have gear in the closet over there." The SEAL said pointing. "That it?" Vinson probed. "Windsor is traveling with you. We get Burchette. Jock up and let's haul anchor."

8:57 A.M. EST

The seven walked up to an admissions stand positioned in front of a large circus-like tent. "Can I see your passes?" A young woman asked courteously. Burchette had drawn the billfold containing her FBI identification. "Oh, here honey, allow me." Gellar said as reached for her ID. Then he "accidentally" dropped it onto the admissions desk. The woman looked up at them. "Party of seven please." Tom said. She handed him seven complete access passes which were issued to many of the other people attending the event. The all started to walk away when Paul slid her a one-hundred dollar bill while winking.

10:19 A.M. EST

It had been a long hour. The general public wasn't allowed in until ten. This had given the team ample time to check everything over for weapons. They found nothing. The place was a quarter filled within a twenty minute time span. It was getting hectic. There were a lot of teenagers were there. Any of them could have been cult members.

They'd considered stashing the guns on the speedway grounds that morning. Hiding them last night had been an option but a foolish one. Right now, the long arms were in the back of a cult pickup truck. The truck was feet from the tent so access wouldn't be a problem. That's probably where they would stay. Right now each member of the three man team carried a Colt .380 caliber PCP handgun and two pipe bombs. "You guys stake out the tent, I'll plant the package." Aaron Harman said. He was a respected member among the cult and was very capable. Aaron had sworn by the cult for most of his life. He'd even kicked off his own "Trench Coat Mafia" in an attempt to earn more cult members. They were all cowards. For them, once things got serious, they got scared. That's too bad Aaron thought to himself. Those kids had some real potential.

11:26 A.M.

Things were getting tense for the seven of them. Windsor was getting a bit worried. Burchette had some of the barbecue lunch that was being prepared. A burger and a can of soda. Chris had gone back to the Panzer to get radio headsets for everyone. That's when it happened. Tom was walking towards the grill to get himself something when he bumped into another teenager. As they hit each other, the butt of the boy's pistol jabbed the SEAL's hand. Gellar hand signaled Paul and pointed to the kid. Moreno nodded subtly.

Why the fuck can't these people watch where they're going? Harman thought to himself. They were just civilians. Civilians who rejected the unique people like his fellow cult members. When such "uniques" take action--such as Jonsboro or Littleton--they still go ignored and spurned even more severely. He couldn't understand it at all, but it made no difference because most would die in about two hours. It would be the largest and most successful hit of the cult's short history. "What happened? I saw the brush, he hit your gun?" Mike

Kubeck whispered from behind. Aaron shook his head. "Nothing happened. I'm fine. Two hours and counting. Now let's eat 'cause I can't massacre on an empty stomach." Aaron joked. Mike laughed and they approached the grilling stand.

12:56 P.M. EST

Paul and Chris would stay in the tent with Melissa during the races. Tom and Vinson would sit in the bleachers and be ready in case something did happen. Gellar was walking to the seat stamped on the pass when he misplaced his foot. Half of his leg fell through the gap. The SEAL pulled his leg back up and paused. Something had clicked on his boot heel when he tripped. "Come with me." The Agent said. She lead him through an access way to the area underneath the aluminum benches that everyone was sitting in. Strapped under one of the seats was a device. It consisted of a large cardboard box. Gellar opened it carefully to reveal a one quart zip-lock bag filled with the Iodine/thermit powder mixture. Two lengths of magnesium ribbon protruding from the bag lead to the back of an alarm clock. It was set to go off at 1:30. Suddenly there was a roar as the race began. The soldier was about to slice the bag open when Christine swore and he felt a hard punch in his side. Looking down, Tom saw a 9mm slug implanted in his body armor. The assailant had taken cover. He was armed with a suppressed Glock model 17. He attacked now because the ongoing race would drown out all gunfire.

Aaron and his partner Derek were approaching the pickup truck. They saw two other men with a girl who were walking towards an RV. Aaron pulled the cover off of the truck's bed and drew out an IMI Timberwulf. The Timberwulf was a fifteen shot, pump action .357 magnum rifle. Derek was loading his AR-18 when he tapped Harman on the shoulder. The boy looked over at the RV and saw that both of the men had MP-5 submachine guns tucked behind their right thighs. Aaron raised the Timberwulf and fired twice. One man was knocked against the side of the old Pace Arrow.

Moreno's wind was knocked right out of him as two of the .357 slugs hit his chest plate like a battering ram. Perry went down on one knee and opened fire. The raceway staff had made everyone wear earplugs during the race. This prevented anyone from hearing the gunfire. Soon though, someone would remove their earplugs and chaos would start. Perry leveled his MP-5 and fired a seven round volley at the kids. They'd ducked behind the engine block of the old Chevy pickup. One of the cultsmen fired three more rounds of magnum. The two soldiers approached the truck from opposite sides. The kids heard their approach and darted behind a flock of "port-a-jons" and then sprinted for the tent. One was now trying to light a pipe bomb while he ran. "Here, take this." Paul said, handing the Ranger his MP-5. "Keep them running. I'm going back to Panzer to get MY OWN gear." With that, Moreno was jogging towards the RV- thoughts of his AutoMag and sword in mind.

Tom drew his KA-BAR and sliced the bag open. Christine came back from the concession stand with a bottle of water- just like the SEAL had instructed her to. He emptied the bottle of "AquaPur" onto the powder mix. It immediately began to bind and cake up. "That's done." She said. "We gotta find-" Gellar was interrupted by a bullet ricocheting off of the bottom of a bleacher. "-him." Said the warrior, meaning the gunner. Quickly, he exchanged the KA-BAR for his .45 Boxer. She drew her P226 9mm. The two began to duck under support beams and

pursue the mystery shooter. Another shot, two inches to the left of Burchette's leg. This time, Tom returned fire with a double tap of Cor-Bon super hollowpoints. One round pancaked on a support beam. The other ricocheted and slammed the ground. Finally, they caught up to Mike Kubeck, who was attempting to get out from under the bleachers and into the crowds. Gellar released another three copper jacketed bullets. Christine Burchette also loosed two to three rounds of 9mm Gold Dot ammo. One of the shots caught Kubeck in the leg. He yelped but kept moving. "Damn!, He's in a crowd! What're we gonna do?" Burchette asked. The boy breathed a sigh of relief, they wouldn't chase him in a crowd. Suddenly there was a hand on his shoulder. He spun to see Vinson Gibb and his .40 caliber Beretta Cougar pistol. In a last ditch effort Mike threw his weight into the mighty soldier. A car spun out of control on the track. At the same time there was a loud crack Kubeck fell to the ground. Gibb made a thumbs up sign. He was sure that--with a scope that big--Luis could see him from the factory across the street. Someone yelled and the situation escalated. A bystander had seen the body collapse.

Moreno stepped out of the Pace Arrow once again. This time he was loaded with a half dozen throwing stars, titanium edged sword, and .44 magnum AutoMag pistol. It was too late. The chaos had already started. The boys had lured Perry into the tent and opened fire. Drove of people were running from the tent, many got shot in the back. The Green Beret swore to himself again. Now people were screaming and running away from the bleachers too. Drawing the AutoMag, Paul stalked into the tent. It was sheer hell. Blood and screams from every direction. A resounding boom came from the other side of the oblong structure. Looking over his shoulder, Moreno saw that another pipe bomb had gone off. About five more were dead and a side of the tent was fast catching fire. Scanning, the soldier picked up a target. The kid with the Timberwulf. Paul drew the sword and holstered his handgun. "You're mine you little shit." He whispered grimly. The midnight black blade descended from over the warrior's head and impacted in Aaron Harman's left shoulder, penetrating flesh all the way through to the collarbone. With blinding speed, Moreno re-sheathed the blade and pressed the muzzle of the .44 powerhouse gun into the boy's spine. "PRAISE THE LORD OF DARKNESS!" The boy screamed. "Fuck you." Paul said. A second later, he squeezed the AutoMag's trigger and sent a magnum slug through Aaron's spinal cord. Instantly, the cults man dropped to the ground. "CHRIS?!?" The soldier called for his comrade. Perry came leaping out of the crowd of civilians. "You got one." The Ranger said, looking down. "Yeah. Hey, where's the girl?" "I lost her. The other kid chucked a pipe bomb at me and took off with her." "Shit!"

Derek Grotta came walking out of the tent. He was dragging Melissa Windsor by the neck behind him. He saw one of the fighters come out from under the bleachers. Their eyes locked. Derek raised his Colt PCP and Tom leveled the Boxer. Both guns clicked. The two of them had used up their ammo in previous engagements. Burchette and Gibb were both pointing pistols at Grotta. "Go ahead, I'll waste her!" The cult member teased. Windsor screamed. There was another crack and Grotta fell. Melissa jumped forward. Gellar caught her and they embraced. A shot went off and Burchette screamed. She'd been hit on the inside of the right arm. It was a fourth terrorist, the only one old enough to drive the cult's pickup. Paul Moreno emptied five rounds of .44 magnum into the kid's neck and head. The young man was down-permanently. "I think that was all of 'em." Chris guessed. "I hope so, I don't particularly like getting shot you know." Christine

joked. "I think we got some medicals back in Panzer." Gibb offered as he escorted the FBI agent to the Pace Arrow RV. Paul plucked the radio off of his belt. "Slick shootin' Walker. All tangoes down, I repeat, that's a wrap. Get your amphibian Marine ass down from that tree. Over." "Copy that. Over." The sniper responded. "I can't stand the mushy shit." The Green Beret said looking at Tom and Melissa. "Amen to that bro, I got some wine coolers in the fridge, let's go."

Tom Gellar and Melissa Windsor just held each other and wept. Some of the bystanders started to applaud and take pictures.

THE END!!!

End
file.